

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 22.—VOL. XXIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY, 6. 1811.

1170

USINO CASTLE;

OR,

THE ITALIAN VILLAIN.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

By M. Chapman.

Concluded.

They had not gone five miles before they stopped, and had four more horses placed to the vehicle. The next morning, by day-break they found themselves on the coast of — where they immediately set sail for a remote part of Holland. As soon as they were on ship board, the Count took Emily's hand, and addressed her as follows: "Emily, by this time you must be fully aware of my intentions respecting you; and for me to conceal them, would be useless; therefore you had better submit, without curing me to use force to obtain my purpose." "Is this the manner in which you repay the friendship of Henry, heir of the Magni Pluquet?" interrogated Emily. "Madam, (answered he,) I shall not spend my time in de controversy; and retired.

In about two days they arrived at the destination, where they hired a small conveyance, and, by means of night, and now taking about for a small distance, then again hiring a carriage, and various other deceptions, arrived in Germany in about six weeks. In this time Emily's grief was constant; and Amelia's being natural of a tender heart, did not the whole of the plot. At first her agent, Emily reproached her with her wicked design; but recollecting the necessity of it to serve to her, she humbled her for her information, and forbore further reproach.

Judge her surprise, her grief, when at the end of their journey, to find herself at Usino Castle, the seat of all her former joys, and now all her sorrows. The Count, on arriving, prepared a paper, as if from the Baron, by which he was given leave to have the range of the whole Castle. The man whom we mentioned in the carriage, was no other than Le Berne. They all entered; Emily nudged up; so that any one who knew her could not recognize her. She was carried to a distant set of rooms, which had but small communication with the other part of the Castle.

Count Hannon constantly visited her for near a month, without offering any violence to her person; when he at last informed her, unless she laid aside her scruples, he must use force; and gave two days more for her to have time for consideration.

Emily, in this dreadful situation, soon lost all her appearance of health; and as it declined, so did her beauty gradually decay; but still she had something pleasing in her, which made the Count pursue his intentions. Often would she, while looking on the well known scenes that surrounded her, exclaim, "Ah! little did I think, short sighted mortal that I am, that I should ever be a prisoner in the same domains

as witnessed the pleasures of my infant year—agonizing thought!—those domains no other than my father's." In such like ejaculations she spent her time, till the day arrived, which was to decide her fate. When it came the Count entered coolly, and deliberately asked her determination. "My determination (answered she) is fixed. Rather would I suffer death in the most horrible manner in which a villain such as you can invent, than become an apostate to the vows I have made. Mighty well madam, (replied he,) then I must use force;" which he immediately proceeded to, when he heard some voices say, "This way my Lord: in these chambers the lady is confined." Hannon, on hearing these words, drew his dagger from his girdle, and fixed it in Emily's bosom, and then made his escape through the window. At that moment entered the Baron and Henry, who, in the hurry of the minute forgot every sentiment of revenge; and their thoughts were solely turned to the beloved being before them, who when she opened her death-like eyelids, exclaimed, "O, God! my Henry!—my Father!" and fainted. On the arrival of a surgeon, he declared her wound trifling; but every thing was to be feared from her anxiety of mind.

As soon as they had recovered their surprise they set out in pursuit of Hannon. It was too late: Le Berne and he had got the start by many a mile. They had just begun the pursuit when they found the lifeless corpse of Amelia who had died by her own self destroying hands." She was immediately interred, and was quickly forgotten.

On Emily's disappearance, the Baron and Henry searched every where, and advertised in all the newspapers, but to no purpose; when they were informed, by an anonymous letter, of Emily's fate and destination. They arrived at Usino at the moment the destruction of all their future happiness was near completion.

The Count and Le Berne proceeded to England, where they went on the highway, and disagreeing concerning the division of some booty, fought a duel, and both fell victims. They were buried in —

The Baron was informed of the unhappy situation of Emily by Amelia, who sent the anonymous letter before mentioned.

Emily soon recovered of the wound. Henry was informed of his father's fate while he was in Germany, which he sorely lamented.

The Baron sold all his possessions abroad, returned to England with his son and daughter, where they now live a model of virtue to all, a blessing to the poor, as well as the Baron.

May then for ever rule my heart
As his thence a feeling avenger,
And difference for other's sake,
And come with thy influence,
While life shall animate my feelings.

A young gentleman whom we shall call Augustus, (as we have reasons for concealing his name) of a studious turn of mind, rendered still more so by recent calamities in his family, but of an amiable disposition, is the subject of this small Essay. The gifts of fortune, which he amply possessed, had not prevented him from feeling the pointed sting of ingratitude, or barbed arrow of disappointed love. This had weighed so heavy on his mind, that it gave him an uncommon turn of sentiment. Every kind of amusement gave him disgust: compliments he called deceit; and professions of friendship unmeaning talk, or purposes of self interest. The pursuits of our modern youths he despised, he found no pleasure in betraying innocence, or wounding the feelings of suffering credulity. The narrow staircase of a miserable garret, when it led to an object he could relieve, was more pleasing to his steps, than the marble hall, or velvet carpet, in the splendid mansion of a Countess, where brilliant lustres and the lights of no doubt fully, and glaring vice. His health being considerably weakened by the agitations of mind he had lately gone through, he was advised by his physicians, to travel, in hopes that change of air and different scenes would amend his weakened frame and spirits. Many different modes of travelling were proposed by his friends, but rejected by him; and taking one servant out of liveries, to avoid notice, he he sat out upon his rambles, with only one decided course. They proceeded at a swift rate till they were some miles from town Augustus stopped his horse. "William, (said he speaking to his servant,) go to that little public house, and order dinner for two travellers. There is no need to mind that I am your master before these people. Observe the same rule the rest of the journey, unless circumstances require a contrary mode of behaviour." The servant obeyed his orders with alacrity. Augustus, sighing, entered the Sign of the Wheat-sheaf. He was conducted to a small neat parlour, where the cloth was laid for dinner. He took up a newspaper, that lay in the window to amuse himself till his report should be ready, and glancing over it, met with an advertisement offering a reward of a considerable magnitude for the discovery of a young lady of seventeen, who had eloped from her friends in the north of England to avoid a marriage she disliked. "Poor girl, (said Augustus,) I pity your situation; you have embarked in a tempestuous ocean; nothing is more rough than the sea of life when blown by contrary winds." Dinner was put upon the table. Augustus sat down with a greater serenity of mind, than he had known a long time. He was just preparing to pursue his journey, when he was detained by a particular circumstance, which engaged his attention.

This began by an advertisement on between a hand-lady and a genteel young woman in black. "You cannot think my good woman that I meant to impose upon you by a fictitious story, you shall

AUGUSTUS:

OR,

THE BENEVOLENT RAMBLER.

By Sarah Wilkinson

Benevolence thou balm of misery,
Angelic quality, dispensing good,

...and depend on the truth of what I tell you. I am a little more cautious in my speech. Let me suggest you to give me a day or two longer. I can hear from my friends." "Charity be as at home," (cried the woman.) "I have a family of my own to provide for. You have put me to expect enough already; and I insist on your leaving this house directly; and I must have the money you owe me to Providence to pay, and I warrant strictly to take good care to guard from such gentry in future. No more words but be gone." "I have no where to go," said the fair one, "and am in a flood of tears." Augustus during this conversation recognised the exact description of the features mentioned in the newspaper in the face of the distressed stranger. He thought circumstances seemed to favor his conjecture; but, at once, she was distressed, which was a sufficient motive to him to relieve her. He desired the lady to walk in to the parlour with the young lady, and begged to know the nature of the demand. "That lady has been here above a fortnight, and occupied two rooms: she has had the best of attendance, and been provided with everything the house could afford. She told me she meant to wait at my house till she heard from her friends, with whom she had a trifling difference to know at what relations house she was expected to reside; as she was equally imposed by a brother, and a maiden aunt to live with him till he was reconciled to her father; but she has heard from no one ever since she has been with me; nor have I seen but five shillings of her money since she has been here. I want so much good of her: I cannot support runaway. Nay, she may be some cost mistress for what I know, with her Canterbury tales. Augustus made no reply for some minutes: his attention was fixed on the weeping girl, who offered not to indicate her face, but heaved the most piteous sigh at the recital of the hostess. "William, discharge the demand again at the young lady, and order coffee for three." Augustus wished to avoid misrepresentations and a scandal, and the effort made his servant his companion. Indeed, from the behavior and dress of the young man, he would do the most fashionable party to discredit.

With some interstices he at length made her confess she was allured to in the newspaper. She related that she had long been attached to a young gentleman of equal fortune and rank in life as herself, who returned her affection by her father and mother; that an elderly nobleman having come to reside in their village, he had met her at the assembly, and unfortunately became enamoured of her person; that fleeing remembrance vain, she had fled in a precipitous manner that she tenderly loved; but on her arrival in town, to her great grief, she found her aunt was absent, being gone to Bristol with a friend that was ill. But, not liking the noise of town, I took a lodging at this place, where the landlady behaved with great civility till my want of money has rendered her this cruel."

To be Continued.

A spirited tar, who had just received his prize money, lately engaged a small provincial theatre to himself; he took his seat in the centre of the pit; furnished himself with an inordinate quantity of beer, punch, and tobacco &c. and requested the performers to commence, as no one should enter the theatre till himself at the close of every speech that pleased him, he presented the actor with a glass, when the curtain dropped, he transferred his stores to the stage, and invited the whole of the Dramatic Company to partake.

From the Italian Monthly Magazine.

The writer of the following events was importuned by a friend some time since, to supply the deficiencies of the "Ode on the Fountains." It was replied, that such an undertaking would resemble the attempt of a journeyman carpenter to finish a statue of Frazzetti. The request, however, being renewed, was so far effectual as to elicit this fragment; not as a presumptuous endeavor to add anything to *Cultus's Ode*, but as an humble, distant effort, to imitate the character of that celebrated production.

Behold yon monstrous shape appear!
The Gorgon head, the Denaid's heart;
There stings the curling serpent's rear,
While e'en Ambition oars a fear,
And Hic and Joy depart.

'Twas Envy dæd the bower invade,
And round with furious eyes survey'd,
To where the Lesbian lyre was laid,
Buried beneath its myrtle shade.
That lyre, whose tones so sweet, so strong,
To Sappho's touch alone belong;
Tha lyre, whose tones so strong, so sweet,
No voice, but Echo's dæd repeat.
Yet this weird wretch presum'd to strive
The Lyre Spirit to revive!
And emulate those sound that stole
O'er poor Alcæus's subject soul!

Remorse approach'd his wisted frame,
Feebly, on trembling knees he bore;
Alike in sorrow and in shame,
Timorous from his woe.

(What time, from Corinth forc'd to roam,
He wand'rd far from friends and home)
With gory hand he struck the lyre—
The lyre indignant at the wrong,
Scorn'd to pur the soothing song;
And harshly gnaw'd each clotted wire,
Now first by human hand disturbed.
Back sprang the wretch, and call'd DESPAIR
To end the strange and solemn air;
While still he saw its harp quiver
The gleaming wire that ever dæd!

—The next that came—
With dizzy arm of fight,
And ardent eagle sight,
AMBITION was his name.
And the hand
With talons hand,
He dæd aspire

To seize fan'd Meteson's music here,
And struck those halls: "I can do so, &c."
Long stood to the Sun!
But when the impious deed was done,
I saw, what seem'd of mortal state,
To sudden majesty dilate;
I saw him stretch his giant form
In shadowy length above the sky;
His rocky forehead cold in storm,
Brooded his dark delirious eye,
While, at his tottering fumous sound,
Loos'd dædmon dæd around,
Joying mid the gæds profound,
Of Virtues, slights'd on the accursed ground.

PATIENCE UNDER AFFLICTION.

My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Gif tell me, dæd I shall die.
I grieve'd, but reflect a strain,
'Tis bonless; to contend with fate;
No resignation to heav'n's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill;
'Tis well it did, for, on my life,
'Twas heav'n's will to spare my wife!

—00—

SILENCE IS SAFEST

Young Corinna asks me for a dance,
For all night long I speak but once;
On better grounds I think him such;
He speaks but once, but once to much

To and the other of Fanny and William.

From the Desk of Poor Robert. The Series.

One afternoon in the month of October, a young gentleman from Philadelphia, who had visited London to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, was passing with his rifle on the verge of one of those high moor-lands which bound the river Saugh, when he espied as she passed far below him, along the crest of the cliff, when he was suddenly arrested from his reverie by the shriek of a falcon. A young man suddenly around him, a young horse, with long, light-colored mane, he ran away with his rider and was rushing impetuously towards the precipice. He was so far off even to attempt to throw himself to the assistance of the animal: One expedition only presented itself. With unerring aim he drew up his rifle, and the horse fell on the very brink of the cliff.

The stranger ran to the assistance of the unfortunate mare. Though pale as the terrors of the grave, a terrible object never met his view. Her dark hair fell loosely on her cold bosom—she was white as raised her in his arms and bore her to the brink of the foot of the hill.

By the assistance of the cottagers Mary was sufficiently restored to be removed to the home of her father, which was not far distant. A few months, and William, whose extensive studies had given him some knowledge in medicine, attended by a charm which he could neither resist nor deliver, resolved to remain and prescribe for Mary until her health should be restored.

Old Captain Freeman was a soldier in the revolution, and at the siege of Washington and Flamingo, gallantly devoted his early days to the service of his country. At the close of the war he retired with his wife's fortune, his honor and his scars, to his farm on the bank of the Susquehanna, accompanied by his beloved Lucy, the wife of his affections, and Alfred, his old and faithful servant.

In this lonely retreat he had long lived, retired and beloved by every one. His hospitable mansion was always open to the passing stranger; his table was always spread for the poor. Sensible, and inflexibly just, the whole neighborhood revered his decision, which was ever as disinterested and merciful. Careless as youth, the old man was not without innocent amusements of the cottage;—he contented as charity, he was the unfailing attendant of the sick of sickness. And above all, a pious spring from the heart, and flowing in supreme love to his Maker and the kindest affection to his fellow men, embodied his soul; exalted all his virtues, and exalted his character to the glory of the patriarchs of old.

One daughter was the only fruit of his marriage, and Mary whose life the strange had previously preserved, was cherished by her fond parents with more care than the apple of their eye. Oh! how sweet a secret bliss! The wild rose of the hill was so fragrant as her coral lips. The dew drops sparkled not with half the lustre of her eye, and her hand had stolen the whiteness of the mountain snow. I have seen the old veteran's eye full of tears with joy and pride, when Mary, light as a vision and sweet as an angel, came tripping through the room. Her countenance was exquisitely lovely; the pose and the look, thought all the earthly world; she would at any time leave the dance or play, to visit the couch of sickness or the habitation of distress. The poor used to call her their good dian spirit; lent them from Heaven, to relieve the miseries of this sorrowing world. And then she was as sensible and accommodating as was beautiful and kind. Indeed, when I have visited my old friend, I have often heard, with a sigh, that I was but young enough, and good enough for her—but, heigh ho! poor Robert is an old bachelor, and it is well so.

"Mind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return."

Mary was just thirteen, when the accident happened which introduced the accomplished and fascinating stranger, to her knowledge. By his kindness, and that of her parents, she slowly recovered of her lively radiance of her blue eyes was changed into a mild and passive sweetness. I can clearly see in the hue of her countenance how invading the life stole the rose's blossom, the throbbing heart, and expensive blood that rose when William entered the room, too plainly to do, that love, obtrusive until

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

Tune—"She rose and lost me in."

The morning star with trembling beam
Had bathed his locks in dew.
And round the misty bosom'd lake
The wheeling Lipping flew.
The dewy breast had withered
Where shelving brushwood grows,
The morn beam lighted the mountain blue
When lovely Peggy rose.

O'er her blue eyes and temples fair
Her hair in love locks fell,
And lonely veil'd her bosom white,
Where all the graces dwell.
Her fair robes wafted in the wind,
Her bare feet bathed in dew,
And circling round her slender waist
The balmy morn breeze flew:

'Twas but yestern, that rose pathed cheek
Was wet with tears on mine,
'Twas but yestern my clasping arms
Around that neck could twine.
'Twas but yestern, those lips divine,
Were warmed with many a kiss,
'Twas but yestern, that tongue of thine
Confest the tender bliss.

Young sun beam, shake thy wand'ring locks,
More lightly on my fair,
Nor wanton round her lovely neck,
Nor kiss her bosom bare:
Yestern this cheek was cooled there,
With many a melting tale,
And many a dear embrace and prayer,
All in the Hawthorn Vale.

'Tis not the ranked gold she loves,
Nor looks which court the eye,
Nor hearts unwarm'd by nature's love,
By grandeur stuff'd high,
But 'tis the merit lifted eye,
The soul's ennobled path,
For which she heaves the tender sigh,
And keeps her virgin heart.

SONNET.

On the death of an Amiable Young Lady.

Ah me! how many griefs, ere life decay,
Must man encounter in this mortal coil,
What boots it that he sees a lengthen'd day,
If sorrow pierce his heart so oft the while.

What serves his early toil and anxious care?
To raise a bed of daisies sweet and gay
If, when they bud and bloom with fragrance rare,
Fell blasts destroy, and low their beauty lay.

So fate ordains, and fated is the rose:
The lowliest flow'ers that adorn'd the vale
Is now no more,—no more that beauty blows—
No more that mind whose goodness did prevail.

No more that hand shall falter Penny rear—
No more that voice dispel pale sorrow's tear,
Her spirit's fled, to where th' ethereal train
With love, and joy, in endless pleasures reign

TOOTHLESS MALICE.

*** the' he must abstain from meat,
Yet wont abstain from spite;
The rogue has nothing left to eat,
Yet can't he bear to bite.

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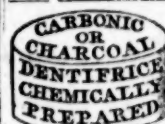
Monday, 2d September,

1 o'clock at the T. C. H. the following tracts
of land, in great Haverburg patent, viz. lot No.
6, in subdivision of lot No. 66, in great lot No.
19, 365 acres; lot No. 10 and 11 in subdivi-
sion of lot No. 21, in great lot No. 2, 1302 acres

Also, an undivided fourth part of the one half
of the lot No. 68, in great lot No. 1, about 130
acres. Terms, half cash on delivery of the deeds
residue in 60 and 90 days approved endorsed
notes. The sale is directed by the executor to
the estate of the late Samuel Schreyler, decas-
ed.

To Lease, a piece of ground in Greenwich,
street, between Harrison and Provost streets, 75
feet on Greenwich street, and 100 deep. This
lot being near the river, is well calculated for a
wood or coal yard, and will be rented reason-
ably.

Wanted to loan for a term years, on real es-
tate in this city, 2 or 3000 dollars, the interest
to be annually paid.



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ling bottles Smiths improved chemical milk of lime
Smiths pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet
scent. Sm the tooth paste warranted his superior
white hair powder Violet rose 3s 6d Smiths rose
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hard and soft pomatum Smiths balsamic lip salve
Rose Smiths lotion for the teeth his purified alpine
shaving cake, made on chymical principle to be p the
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strips shaving boxes Penicillin scissors tortoise she
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Slips Boots and Lace Boots
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quality of the materials with which the articles are
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NEW-YORK

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES HARRIS

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...depend on the truth of what I tell you. Be a little more gentle in your speech. Let me treat you to give me shelter a few days longer. I can hear from my friends." "Charity begins at home," (replied the woman.) "I have a family of my own to provide for. You have put me to expence enough already; and I insist on your leaving this house directly; and I must leave the money you owe me to Providence to pay, and I warrant strictly to take good care to guard from such gentry in future. No more words but be gone." "I have no where to go," said the fair one, "bursting into a flood of tears. Augustus during this conversation, recognised the exact description of the features mentioned in the newspaper in the face of the disguised stranger. He thought circumstances seemed to favor this conjecture. But, at any rate, she was distressed, which was a sufficient motive to him to relieve her. He desired the landlady to walk into the parlour with the young lady, and begged to know the nature of the demand. "That lady has been here above a fortnight, and occupied two rooms: she has had the best of attendance, and been provided with every thing the house could afford. She told me she meant to wait at my house till she heard from her friends, with whom she had a trifling difference to know at what relations house she was expected to reside; as she was equally importuned by a brother, and a maiden aunt to live with them till he was reconciled to her father; but she has heard from no one ever since she has been with me; nor have I seen but five shillings of her money since she has been here. I want no such genteel life: I cannot support runaways. Nay, she may be some cast mistress for what I know, with her Canterbury tales. Augustus made no reply for some minutes: his attention was fixed on the weeping girl, who offered not to indicate herself, but heaved the most pitiful sighs at the recital of the hostess. "William, discharge the demand again to the young lady, and order coffee for three." Augustus wished to avoid misrepresentations and scandal, and therefore made his servant his companion. In deed from the behaviour and dress of the young man, he would do the most fashionable party to discredit.

With some in realities he at length made her confess she was alluded to in the newspaper. She related that she had long been attached to a young gentleman of equal fortune and rank in life as her self, who seemed to be approved of by her father and mother: that an elderly nobleman having come to reside in their village, he had met her at the assembly, and unfortunately became enamoured of her person; that finding remonstrances vain, she had flown for protection to an aunt that she tenderly loved - but on her arrival in town, to her great grief, she found her aunt was absent, being gone to Bristol with a friend that was ill: "But, not liking the noise of town, I took a lodging at this place, where the landlady behaved with great civility till my want of money has rendered her thus cruel."

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A spirited tar, who had just received his prize money, lately engaged a small provincial theatre to himself; he took his seat in the centre of the pit; furnished himself with an inordinate quantity of beer, punch, and tobacco &c. and requested the performers to commence, as no one should enter the theatre but himself: at the close of every speech that pleased him, he presented the actor with a glass, and when the curtain dropped, he transferred his stores to the stage, and invited the whole of the Dramatis Personæ to partake.

From the Boston Weekly Indicator.

The writer of the followinganzas was importuned by a friend some time since to supply the deficiencies of the "Ode on the Passions." It was replied, that such an undertaking would resemble the attempt of a journeyman carpenter to finish a statue of Prazicles. The request, however, being renewed, was so far effectual as to elicit this fragment; not as a presumptuous endeavor to add any thing to Collin's Ode, but as an humble, distant effort, to imitate the character of that celebrated production.

Behold yon monstrous shape appear!
The Gorgon head, the Danaide's heart;
There stings the curling serpent's rear,
While e'en Ambition owns a fear,
And Hope and Joy depart.

'Twas Envy dar'd the bower invade,
And round with curious eyes survey'd,
To where the Lesbian lyre was laid,
Buried beneath its myrtle shade.

That lyre, whose strains so sweet, so strong,
To Sappho's touch alone belong.
That lyre, whose tones so strong, so sweet,
No voice, but Echo's dar'd repeat.

Yet this weird wretch presum'd to strive
The Lyric Spirit to revive!
And emulate those sounds that stole
O'er poor Alcæus's subject soul!

Reinorse approach'd—his wasted frame,
Feebly, on trembling knees he bore;
Alike in sorrow and in shame,
Timoleon's form he wore.

(What time, from Corinth forc'd to roam,
He wand'rd far from friends and home)
With gory hand he struck the lyre—

The lyre, indignant at the wrong,
Seem'd to pour the soothing song;
And harsh y groan'd each clotted wire,
Now first by human blood sustained.

Back sprang the wretch; and call'd DEATH
To end the strange and solemn air;
While still within its banquet plies
The gnawing worm, that never dies!

—The next that came—

With sireny arm of fight,
And ardent eagle sight,
AMSTERY as his name.

Amid the band
With lawless hand,
He dar'd aspire

To seize fam'd Mæxow's mystic lyre,
And struck those hallow'd chords of fire,
Long sacred to the Sun!
But when the impious deed was done,
I saw, what seem'd of mortal state,
To sudden majesty dilate;
I saw him stretch his giant form
In shadowy length athwart the sky;
His rocky forehead cloth'd in storm,
Bloodshot his dark delirious eye,
While, at his tocsin's furious sound,
Loosen'd daemons danced around,
Joking mid the gons profound,
Of Virtues, slaughter'd on the accursed ground.

PATIENCE UNDER AFFLICTION.

My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Oft telle me, — *Billy*, I shall die;
I grieve'd, but recollect'd strait,
'Tis bootless: to contend with fate:
No resignation to heav'n's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill;
'Tis well it did, for, on my life,
'Twas heav'n's will: to spare my wife!

—00—

SILENCE IS SAFEST.

Young *County* takes me for a dunce,
For all night long I spoke but once;
On better grounds I think him such;
He spoke but once, but once to much

To aid the cause of Peace and Justice.

From the Desk of Poor Robert. The "critic"

One afternoon in the month of October, a tall man from Philadelphia, who had visited to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, was with his rifle on the verge of one of those high pieces which bound the river Susquehanna, as he gazed as he passed far below him along the coast of the cliff, when he was suddenly attracted from his reverie by the shriek of a falcon, occurring suddenly around him, a young horse, being frightened, he ran away with his rider, was rushing impetuously towards the precipice, was so far off even to attempt to throw him before the affrighted animal: One expedition of the sent itself. With unerring aim he drew the rifle, and the horse fell on the very brink of the cliff.

The stranger ran to the assistance of the mate female. Though pale as the tenet of the a lovelier object never met his view. Her dress fell loosely on her cold bosom—she was lifted raised her in his arms and bore her to the bank the foot of the hill.

By the assistance of the cottagers Mary was sufficiently restored to be removed to the house of her father, which was not far distant. A few days, and William, whose extensive studies had ed him some knowledge in medicine, attracted charm which he could neither resist nor desolved to remain and prescribe for Mary until should be determined.

Old Captain Freeman was a soldier in the nation and at the side of Washington and gallantly devoted his early days to the service country. At the close of the war he retired, and his fortune, his honor and his scars, he farm on the bank of the Susquehanna, according to his beloved Lucy the wife of his affection Alfred, his old and faithful servant.

In this sylvan retreat he had long lived, ted and beloved by every one. His hospitable was always open to the passing stranger—he was always spread for the poor. Sensible, flexibly just the whole neighborhood and his decision which was ever satisfactory and alive. Cheerful as youth, the old man mingled innocent amusements of the cottagers.—He as charity, he was the unfailing attendant of of sickness. And above all, a piety springing the heart, and flowing in supreme love to ker and the kindest affections to his fellow mberd his soul; exalted all his virtues, and a ted his character to that of the patriarchs of

One daughter was the only fruit of his m and Mary whose life the stranger had preserved, was cherished by her fond parents more care than the apple of their eye. Oh! how a sweet blossom the wild rose of the hill so fragrant as her coral lips. The dew dropped not with half the lustre of her eye, and he had stolen the whiteness of the mountain snow have seen the old veteran's eye full of tears and pride, when Mary, light as a vision and as an angel, came tripping through the rose goodness was experienced by the poor and through all the neighborhood. She would time leave the dance or play, to visit the sickness or the habitation of distress. They to call her their guardian spirit lent them in en, to relieve the miseries of this sorrowful And then she was as sensible and accomplished she was beautiful and kind. Indeed, when visited my old friend, I have often wished sigh, that I was but young enough, and good for her—but, heigh ho! poor Robert is an chor, and it is useless to

"Mind me of departed joys.

Departed never to return."

Mary was just eighteen, when the accident which introduced the accomplished dancing stranger, to her knowledge. By his and that of her parents, she slowly recovered lively radiance of her fine blue eyes was a mild and pensive sweetness. Her to the heart of sensibility how in ereasing stole the rose's blossom, the throbbing expressive flush that rose when William room, too plainly to d, that love, ob

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the city, and entered the cottage of Mr. Frankburg. He was the most accomplished man Mary had ever seen. Pleasing in his manners, insinuating and sensible and handsome, and too the lover of her life! What female heart could be so much so much excellence! The affectionate attentions of William, soon restored in some degree, to her former health, and that had so long detained him, gathering new strength, he found it impossible to break a connexion already so dear to him.

Frankburg took of the courtship, and when William and Mary lead down in the dance to the music of the fiddle, I could not help thinking they were formed for each other.

He went up to Frankburg last fall to visit my old friend, and to congratulate him on the proposed connection. It was one of those pleasant moonlight evenings, such as had always been enlivened by the sound of joy was no more heard on the street. William was gone; the check of the sorrow was wet with anguish; and the wife of his bosom seemed fast declining in sorrow to the grave. He and Mary sat by the window, her head resting on her hand; her eyes moistened by tears, was fixed on vacancy, or wandered heedless from object to object;—Seduced by a man who had her life, she was soon to become a mother! The old man took my hand—pressed it between his fingers—“Oh! this is an ungrateful world said he. His heart swelled—he turned away to conceal his emotion to another world, and to lead them for consolation beyond the tomb.

He varieties of pleasure; ye gay, ye wanton seducer of the fair, whom you should protect; Oh! did you have seen the cottage of poor Freeman, the infamous trophies over deluded innocence would have been conspicuous to your consciences.

Such ruin—Hark!—the watch dog announces a stranger! The door opened, and in a moment we beheld William at the feet of her father. Mary wept and faintly “I come I come,” said he, for forgiveness; I come to offer you all the reparation in my power. Not a moment of happiness have I known since I left you.”

Oh! noble youth! thou hast set a pattern by thy own virtue, most worthy to be followed.

Weekly Museum

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1817

Another FIRE at Newburyport began on Wednesday morning the 26th ult. A baker up early at work, observed, about 4 o'clock, a smoke issuing from a barn of a Mr. Pierce near Lomb's wharf, surrounded by wooden buildings, and in the most compact part. On entering the barn he discovered a fire under the horse rack, which was only prevented from touching the hay by a sloping board, which was early burnt through, and in two minutes more the whole would have been in flames, and spread by a true fire in that unfortunate town, but a bucket of water being at hand, he fortunately succeeded in extinguishing it. There is no doubt the anxious minds of the inhabitants, that this was the work of an incendiary.

Last Thursday night week an attempt was made to burn Demmer Academy, in Byfield, a few miles out of Newburyport, but was happily frustrated.

Columbia, South Carolina.

On Friday morning, the 17th inst. a most horrid act of Suicide was committed in Edgefield district, by Joseph Higower, Esq. one of the representatives in the Legislature of this State from that district.—This appears to have been a premeditated act, as we learn he had but a short time before had his will formally executed.

ed. He went on his bed one night before the 1st day, as usual, but rose the next morning earlier than common; his wife observed to him not to get up so early, and requested him to lie down again, to which request he made some evasive answer, refused and immediately walked out of the house, and when he had got about half way between the kitchen and dwelling-house, where he committed the act, his wife heard him make some uncommon noise, and immediately ran out to him when to her utter astonishment she discovered his throat completely cut, but was still standing up; she called to a gentleman that was in the house, who immediately ran and, tickled of him and led him back to the steps of the dwelling house door, where he fell and soon after expired. What drove him to this rash act, we have not been able to learn. His standing in society was respectable, and his pecuniary circumstances easy and independent.

From the Virginia Herald.

Mr. Green,

The attention of this neighbourhood has been for some time past strongly excited by an object somewhat singular.

C. W. aged—, of an healthy habit of body, who has borne, and has still living, three children, independently of the one which constitutes the subject of these few remarks, about five weeks since was safely delivered of an infant of an unusual small size and appearance.

The writer of this article, not having heard of the circumstance until two or three weeks after the birth of the child, could not ascertain its size, &c. except from reports; nor, indeed, could those rumors be depended on, as the accounts from all who had either seen or heard of the fact, seemed to vary; its definitive form, was, however, attested by all.

Being necessarily engaged, I could not bestow that attention to the subject, which so extraordinary a phenomenon might require, until the date of this paper, at which time, the infant had completed the fifth week of its age. At this time having a leisure hour or two, I devoted the same to an investigation of an object which has been the topic of conversation and remark in this vicinity.

At the period of three weeks the infant was weighed in the presence of several visitors, when its gravity was found not to exceed three quarters of a pound! A very small finger ring was at the same time passed over the hand, along the arm, without any exertions of force used in effecting it!

The following statement exhibits a correct view of its dimensions, as ascertained by actual measurement, when five weeks old.—The circumference of the arm is precisely one inch and three quarters—that of the leg two inches.—The circumference of the head, round the most projecting part of the forehead three inches and an half—the body two and three quarter inches. Length of the face two inches and an half, measured from the commencement of the hairy scalp to the extreme of the chin. The length of the arm, from the top of the shoulder to the extreme of the middle finger, measured four inches—the body twelve. The weight at this time is one pound and three quarters.—The structure of the body is entirely complete, except the external parts of generation, which exhibited some marks of deformity. The visage of this sport of nature bears some marks of extreme old age, with the strongest resemblance of a Marmoset, exhibiting an appearance as frightful as strange.

Orange Springs May 18.

CURT OF LYALLEN

Hark! how the fields and woodlands ring;
To hail the sweet return of Spring,
The feather'd warblers join;
Secure, amidst the leafy grove,
They turn their little throats to Love,
In harmony divine.

MARRIED

On Wednesday evening the 26th ult. by the Rev Mr. Lyell, Nathaniel Lynch, Esq. to Miss Francis Hubbard, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

'Twas Man himself
Brought death into the world; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.

DIED.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Catharine Marx, aged 29 years, wife of Mr. Asher Marx.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner Cisterns made, & put in the ground and warranted tight by
C. ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street near the Watch house

PERFUMERY, &c

J. Tice returns his grateful acknowledgement for the generous encouragement he has received, and begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has Removed to No. 112 William Street, one door north of John Street, he solicits a continuance of public Patronage. Such Ladies and Gentlemen, who honour him with their commands may depend on having their articles Genuine, of the first Quality, and at the most reasonable prices.

He has now for sale a general assortment of Perfumery among which are the following scarce articles:—Viz) Vegetable eau de Cologne Eau de Lavande de Fargeon, Odeur of Roses Huile Antique for curling & glossing the hair, ess Rose de musk de citron Bergamot Lavender Lemon Orange Cannel Milk: Flowers Lavender water Cologne water Honey water Hongrie water Rose water Eau de Jasmin eau de Orange eau de mel Bailey's Lotion a safe speedy & efficacious Remedy for all eruptions of the skin. Almond paste an article that has not its equal for softening smoothing cleaning and whitening the hands Pearl powder for immediately whitening the skin producing a Natural and pleasing effect, Cre'pond' Italia emits Les couleurs naturelles it gives the most delicate Bloom to the complexion & so natural that it cannot be distinguished by the most critical observation, Rouge in tallets De maor Martin Rouge vegetable Vinaigre de Rouge carmine &c

SOAPS

Law's Oriental Saponaceous Compound Watson's Transparent Soap Savon de Naples Alpine Shaving Soap Shaving Powder Jasmine Paleu Violet Vegetable & Windsor Soaps Wash Balls, &c.

Tooth Brushes Dragon's Root do. do with Tongue Scrapers Carbonic and Rose Tooth Powder Tooth Picks Nail Brushes Hair do. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair Dressing Cases with a variety of other articles in his line.

J. TICE likewise continues to Manufacture his superior shining Liquid Blacking which for beautifying & preserving Leather has no equal.

Also, Tice's Chemical Compound for cleaning boots Tops, Saddles, &c.

The superior quality of these articles is too well known to need a recommendation but a trial sold Wholesale & Retail at his Store, No 112 William St Likewise a few Boxes Fashionable Straw Hats for Ladies to be sold cheap

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

Tune—"She rose and lost' me in."

The morning star with trembling beam
Had bathed his locks in dew.
And round the misty bosom'd lake
The wheeling L-pwing flew.
The dewy breasted hare with'd ew
Where she'd ring brushwood grows,
The morn beam light'en'd the mountain blue
When lovely Peggy rose.

O'er her blue eyes and temples fair
Her hair in love locks fell,
And loosely veil'd her bosom white,
Where all the graces dwell.
Her fair robes wanton in the wind,
Her bare feet bathed in dew,
And circling round her slender waist
The balmy morn breeze flew:

'Twas but yestreen, that rose pathed cheek
Was wet with tears on mine,
'Twas but yestreen my clasping arms
Around that neck could twine—
'Twas but yestreen, those lips divine,
Were warmed with many a kiss,
'Twas but yestreen, that tongue of thine
Confeated the tender bliss.

Young sun beam, shake thy wand'ring locks,
Move lightly on my fair.
Nor wanton round her lovely neck,
Nou kiss her bosom bare—
Yestreen this cheek was couched there,
With many a melting tale,
And many a dear embrace and prayer,
All in the Hawthorn Vale.

'Tis not the ranked gold she loves,
Nor looks which court the sky;
Nor hearts unwarmed by nature's love,
By grandeur shuffled high.
But 'tis the merit lifted eye,
The soul's ennobled path,
For which she heaves the tender sigh,
And keeps her virgin heart.

—00—

SONNET.

On the death of an Amiable Young Lady.

Ah me! how many griefs ere life decay,
Must man encounter in this mortal coil,
What boots it that he sees a lengthen'd day,
If sorrow pierce his heart so oft the while.

What serves his early toil and anxious care?
To raise a bed of flow'rets sweet and gay
If, when they bud and bloom with fragrance rare,
Fell blasts destroy, and low their beauty lay.

So fate ordains, and faded is the rose:
The loveliest flow'rets that adorn'd the vale
Is now no more,—no more that beauty blows—
No more that mind whose goodness did prevail.

No more that hand shall fallen Penury rear—
No more that voice dispel pale Sorrow's tear;
Her spirit's fled, to where th' angelic train
With love, and joy, in endless pleasures reign

—***—

TOOTHLESS MALICE.

***tho' he must abstain from meat,
Yet wont abstain from spite;
The rogue has nothing left to eat,
Yet can't for bear to bite.

SALES AT AUCTION

BY ROBERT M. MENNOMY

No. 120 Water-street.

his evening at half past 7 o'clock a Valuable collection of Books of Law, Divinity, History, Travels, Novel &c.

N. B. There will be Sales of Books on every Saturday Evening through the season Catalogues on the day of sale

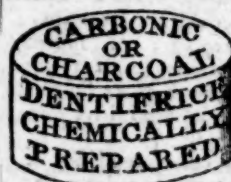
Monday, 2d September,

1 o'clock at the T. C. H. the following tracts of land, in great Hardenburg patent, viz. lot No 6, in subdivision of lot No. 66, in great lot No. 19, 365 acres; lot No. 10 and 11 in subdivision of lot No. 21, in great lot No. 2, 1502 acres

Also, an undivided fourth part of the one half of the lot No. 68, in great lot No. 1, about 150 acres. Terms, half cash on delivery of the deeds residue in 60 and 90 days approved endorsed notes. The sale is directed by the executor to the estate of the late Samuel Scheuyler, deceased.

To Lease, a piece of ground in Greenwich street, between Harrison and Provost streets, 75 feet on Greenwich street, and 100 deep. This lot being near the river, is well calculated for a wood or coal yard, and will be rented reasonably.

Wanted to loan for a term years, on real estate in this city, 2 or 3000 dollars, the interest to be annually paid.



JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant assortment of Neplus ultra Razors, with three blades also magnum bonum and refined steel of a fine quality; gentlemen's portable shaving cases, and ladies and gentlemen's japanned dressing cases of different sizes for sale by Nathan's

Smith Chemical Perfumer from London, at the Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty street

Also the following articles as usual with many other too numerous to mention Rose oil Antiquet curling glossing thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its turning—chymical cosmetic wash balls his fine cosmetic cold cream clears and prevents the skin from chapping, odour of roses for smelling bottles Smiths improved chymical milk of rose Smiths pomane de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet soap Smiths tooth paste warranted his superfine white hair powder Violet rose 3s 6d Smiths rose paste for washing the skin Smiths highly improved hard and soft pomatum Smiths balsamic lip salve Roses Smiths lotion for the teeth his purified alpine shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the operation of shaving Smiths celebrated corn plaster elastic worsted and cotton Garters, salt of lemon for taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor strops shaving boxes Penknives scissors tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c Great allowances to those who buy to sell again Tooth Powder and opiate black pins tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender colouge honey hungary rose Jessamin Eau de miel and Eau de rose water shaving powder—corn plaster &c

Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation

WANTED

An Apprentice to the Printing Business about 14 years old Enquire of

SAMUEL WOOD
No 357 Pearl Street

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR
THE TEETH AND GUMS.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

CHEAP SHOE STORE



At 91 Broadway,

Opposite Trinity Church

The following assortment of Ladies Shoes, being off at the most reduced prices:

A large and elegant supply of the new fashion Shoes to buckle double and single soles

Likewise London dress slippers to buckle the latest fashion from Europe

Grecian Sandals and all the different kinds of Ladies Shoes now worn

Slips Boots and Lace Ponto

Misses and Childrens Shoes of all the above fashions being all made of the best materials and the latest importations

MATERIALS.

Kid and Morocco dress and undress, satin silk velvet, jans, shammy, nankeen, &c of all the most favorite colours now worn in Europe and America

A large and elegant assortment of the newest silver and plated buckles of the most fashionable patterns, sold lower than they can now be purchased

And constant supply of the above articles may be had by applying at the above number

HIRAM GARDNER

TAKE NOTICE

It will be well worth the attention of the ladies in this city, and elsewhere, to apply as above, not only on account of the cheapness but the superior quality of the materials with which the articles are manufactured

March 30

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JUST PUBLISHED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

THE

SONGSTER'S REPOSITORY,

BEING AN ENTIRE NEW COLLECTION

OF

Popular and Fashionable

SONGS.

Price 1 dollar.

Any person who wishes to possess an elegant Bible may have one upon very easy terms—Name by paying Two dollars upon receiving the Bible, and one Dollar every month till the whole is paid. It is ornamented with handsome Plates and Maps, and large print

Apply at No 178 William-Street
N B Price Nine Dollars.

NEW-YORK

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NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTYCENTS PER AN